for Powder, they'le fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſt. I, but, *Sir Iohn*, mee-thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that; And for their barenes, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me.

Pri. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: But ſirra, make haſt, *Percy* is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the King incamp'd?

Weſt. He is, *Sir Iohn*, I feare we ſhall ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night,

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Ver. So doe wee.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good Cooſen be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Doe not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas*, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well-reſpected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counſell with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any *Scot* that this day liues:
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell, which of vs feares.

Dow. Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my cooſen *Vernons* are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the Horſes of the Enemie,
In generall iourney bated and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Cooſen, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſoundes a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcome, ſir *Walter Blunt*: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruinges and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo.
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie:
But to my charge. The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your griefes, and wherevpon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good deſertes forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all ſpeed,
You ſhall haue your deſires with intereſt,
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe,
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame Royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sicke in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,